THE

CRISIS.

NUMBER LIV. *To be continued* Weekly,

DURING THE PRESENT BLOODY CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.

SATURDAY, January 27, 1776, [Price Two-pence Halfpenny.

To LORD MANSFIELD.

[*Continued from our laſt.*]

Come now, my Lord, to that *Emphatic Queſtion*, which your Lordſhip put to the Houſe with all the phlegmatic Compoſure of a *Machiavel*, whoſe Prince had been plunged, like yours, into the worſt of Difficulties by the worſt of *Counſels*. Your Lordſhip exclaimed, "*Where* are we now, my Lords, and "what are we to do? We are engaged in a *War*, which we muſt pur- "ſue, or *run away from*: We cannot do the latter: If we do not get the "better of *America*, *America* will get the better of us."---Let me intreat your Lordſhip here to caſt your Eye, for a moment, upon the Motto (in Number Fifty Three, the beginning of this Addreſs to you) you will there admire the like kind of reaſoning put into the Mouth of one of your own Countrymen, by a Poet who knew every ſecret Spring and movement of the human Heart. How ſtrikingly does your Lordſhip's *Queſtion* confirm to us the propriety of *Shakeſpear's* Language in the Character of an ambitious and inhuman *Tyrant?*

How

How do the political *Mansfield*, and the murderous *Macbeth* agree in Sentiment? When I touch upon your Lordſhip's political Abilities, (your Fort in your own conceit) with which you ſo ſucceſsfully faſcinated the late Duke of Newcaſtle, long before he made you *Sollicitor General*: when I reflect on theſe, my Lord, and your pretence to the deepeſt Knowledge in every branch of *Civil Law*, but, in particular, in thoſe of *Nature* and *Nations*: Permit me to inquire, whether any approved Writer upon the Law of *Nations* concurs with your Lordſhip in aſſerting (for in effect you do aſſert) that an *unjuſt War*, once entered into, ought, at all events, to be proſecuted by the *Aggreſſor*, for fear he ſhould be obliged, at laſt, either to *ſubmit*, or to *run away?* Will your Lordſhip deign to conſult *Grotius*, *Puffendorff*, *Voet*, *Bynkerſhoek*, all Writers of the firſt Claſs? Nay, ſearch your favourite *Suarez*, the moſt *jeſuitical* of all Writers; I think I may venture to affirm, that even *Suarez* heſitates at ſowing ſuch inhuman Doctrines, as your Lordſhip, without a Bluſh, avowed. Even your own *Machiavel* apologizes for ſuggeſting ſuch bloody Inſtructions as muſt of Neceſſity be purſued in a deſperate and uncommon Criſis, when a whole Empire is at Stake. Nay, he does more, he confeſſes moſt ingenuouſly, that they are not agreeable to the Principles of Morality, Religion, or Humanity. Yet your Lordſhip gives the Spur to a *deſperate and bloody Adminiſtration*, without Apology, Heſitation, or Remorſe. The beſt Writers upon theſe Subjects agree that there is a wide diſtinction between a *foreign* and a *domeſtic* War: They mark the Conduct which the *Sovereign Power* ought, in Juſtice and Humanity, to hold in each. They all repeatedly declare that an *unjuſt War* is not to be purſued on any Conſideration or Pretence. Thoſe who obſtinately *perſevere* in ſuch a War, they number among *Tyrants* and the *Enemies of Mankind*. In this deteſted Claſs the whole *Chriſtian World* beholds the *pious Sovereign* and *Great Council* of the Britiſh Nation. The latter has by ſolemn *Acts* adopted and ſanctified all the political Sins of a wicked *Adminiſtration*; the former has ſtrictly executed all their *ſavage Edicts* without Reluctance. They have concurred with ardour in laying a Plan of future *Deſpotiſm* among the Subjects in *America*. They have anſwered the *Supplications* of thoſe Subjects by laying their Country waſte, and have tenderly redreſſed their *Grievances* by the *Sword*. Theſe are the *Meaſures* which your Lordſhip ſo much *approves*. *Meaſures*, which every able Writer upon *War* and *Peace* not only diſ-adviſes, but abjures. In the Caſe of an *alien Enemy* they cenſure them as cruel and inhuman, unleſs the War is *juſt*; in the Caſe of a *Subject* they hold them *impious*. But your Lordſhip and your Adherents have, by the Wiſdom of your *Councils*, brought a Period of unſurmountable

ſurmountable Calamity upon this Nation. You have forced the aſſaſſinated *Americans* into a *defenſive* War, which has at laſt in ſome Degree broke out (in preſervation of themſelves) into an *offenſive* one. In this State of the Caſe your Lordſhip aſks your Brother Peers, "What is an "*honeſt* Man to do? Are we to ſit ſtill with our Hands before us, be- "cauſe they tell us this is an *unjuſt War*, till *America* has fitted out an "*Expedition* againſt this Country?"---The ruinous Effects of your own ſage *Counſels* have at length, I find, given your Lordſhip a palpitation at the *Heart*. After reminding your Lordſhip that neither you, nor your Aſſociates, ſtand in the Predicament of *honeſt* Men, I ſhall refer your Lordſhip once more to your Cloſet; examine there what the beſt (not the *jeſuitical)* Writers ſay upon the Subject of an *unjuſt War*, and then examine your own *Heart*: Remember that you are *a Man*.--- Throw off the *Privy Counſellor* and all his views, attachments, and prejudices for a while, and aſſume the *Chriſtian*. You will then be able to ſolve your own alarming Queſtion, with ſatisfaction to yourſelf, and juſtice to your Country. Let me only add, that ſuch a *formidable* Nation as our *hectoring Adminiſtration* have at laſt, found in *America*, ſhould not, from a State of peaceable and profitable *Subjection*, have been rouſed by *deſertion*, *inſult*, *oppreſſion*, and cauſeleſs *Deſolation*, into a State of unavoidable *Reſiſtance* and final *Enmity*. Theſe, my Lord, are the natural Fruits of *ſteady Perſeverance* in thoſe deſpotic and cruel *meaſures* which your Lordſhip honours with your warmeſt *approbation*.---Fired by thoſe *Principles* which have ſecured your attachment and Affections to the worſt and weakeſt *Miniſtry* that ever practiſed upon the Patience of this Nation, your Lordſhip cloſed your *patriotic* Speech like an hopeleſs Partizan of a diſappointed *Faction*. You are convinced in your own Mind that *America* is loſt for ever, and therefore you declared, that "*in the* "*preſent ſituation of Things*, you conſidered the *Reſtraining Bill*, which the "Houſe was then about to paſs, not only as a *juſt*, but as a *neceſſary* "*Bill*."---By the *preſent ſituation of Things*, your Lordſhip means the preſent ſituation of a deſponding *Adminiſtration*, who, with your Lordſhip's Advice and Aſſiſtance, have planned this hopeful *Bill* in the laſt Agonies of political Deſpair. By an impotent attempt to *ſubdue* thoſe Subjects, whom they ought, in juſtice, to have *redreſſed*, they have moſt imprudently diſunited two thirds of the Britiſh Empire (perhaps for ever) from Great Britain. Their *military Expedition* has been defeated, partly by the Hand of God, and partly by the Powers of *America*. No *Reinforcements* can be raiſed. *America* has gained Strength and Spirit. She is become (contrary to all Expectation) too formidable an Enemy

to

to be either extirpated, or oppoſed. Armies which cannot be raiſed, cannot be ſent. An immenſe one is now become neceſſary; a conſiderable one (in the prime of Life too) has already been deſtroyed. They ſo far from being ſtrong enough to bear down all before them (as our Politians thought) were not able to procure Subſiſtence for themſelves in one of the fineſt and moſt plentiful Countries in the World. All further attempts on Land are vain. The *Government*, (however willing) dare not, for many ſolid Reaſons, pour in a Deluge of *Ruſſian Troops* upon their Subjects in *America*, yet they ſtill keep up the Shadow of a Land-War upon that Continent, where our *doughty Generals*, with an handful of Men, remain (for ought we know yet to the contrary) pent up in *Boſton* merely for the ſake of *military Form*. In this *Situation of Things*, my Lord, the helliſh Spirit of *Revenge* is let looſe againſt *America* upon the *Ocean*, having hitherto proved ineffectual upon *Land*. The laſt efforts of *miniſterial* Deſpair muſt be gratified; and this Conſideration makes the *Reſtraining Bill* (the Offspring of your Lordſhip's inventive Brain) a *juſt* and *neceſſary* Bill. For this purpoſe the Navy of Great Britain are to dwindle into *Privateers*: They are to plunder their Fellow-Subjects in the Atlantic Ocean like Pirates; by *Act* of Parliament. They are to ſtop the Commerce of *America*, and by ſo doing to deprive all the innocent Colonies in the Weſt-Indies of the only means of Subſiſtence which they have for Millions of Slaves, without whom the *Sugar-Manufactories* are no more. The Sugar-Works muſt drop, the Cattle, at certain Times, periſh, and the very Planters ſtarve without ſuch Supplies as the Continent of *America* alone can yield in proportion ſufficient for their Wants. Thus your Lordſhip's *juſt* and *neceſſary Reſtraining Bill* is calculated to bring effectual Ruin on all the Britiſh Colonies at once. Has your Lordſhip conſidered cooly what difference this may make, not only to the *Revenue*, but to the commercial Intereſt of Great Britain? Does your Lordſhip dream of ſubduing *America* by *Sea*, or even of checking her Commerce to any great Degree? Alas! my Lord, you and your *Confederates* are deceived. Neither your *Thane* nor you, may live to ſee it, (unleſs *Juſtice* ſhould be very ſlow indeed) but *America* will ſhortly make no diſgraceful ſtand againſt her Enemies even *upon Sea*. She has all the means of becoming powerful upon that Element within herſelf, and *OPPRESSION* will make her active. In the interim, ſhe will be able (ſhe is ſo at preſent) to face many, and to out ſail moſt of your Sloops and Frigates armed for her Deſtruction. To prevent her Commerce will be as much impoſſible,

as

as to prevent her future Greatneſs. The very attempt will create us *foreign* Enemies. Your Lordſhip will ſee what a *Trade* ſhe will ſoon open, and *with whom*: For, by this Time, in all probability ſhe has expelled the miſerable Reliques of our vanquiſhed Troops. She will be ſufficiently prepared againſt future Invaſions, and betake herſelf to *Agriculture* (the Baſis of all Commerce) in a Soil capable of producing all the Neceſſaries, and even the Luxuries of Life. She will now be indefatigable in drawing from the Produce and Bowels of her fruitful Country, whatever can be neceſſary for her Felicity in Peace, her Defence in War, a ſucceſsfull extenſion of her Commercial Views, and the final Aggrandizement of her *Empire*; a great and *Independent Empire*, to which the Children of her preſent *Tyrants* will ſee her riſe, by the very means which their Fathers have concerted for her Depreſſion. Nay, thoſe *guilty* Fathers may live to ſee her riſing *Empire* augmented by a numerous *Succeſſion* from this Kingdom; not (by *Hundreds* but by *Thouſands*. Theſe, and theſe only, can be the Fruits of your Lordſhip's *Counſels*, and that *juſt* and *neceſſary Bill*, which will lift up *America* among the Nations, and haſten the Declenſion of *Great Britain*. When an univerſal Spirit of *Emigration* has prevailed, and it will too ſoon, will Agriculture or Commerce flouriſh long among us? Can we continue Maſters of the Sea without a Navy? Can the Navy be built without Materials? Can thoſe Materials be furniſhed without *America*? What foreign States (jealous and envious as they all are of Britiſh Power) will ſupply us? Has his *Majeſty* any Foreſts of Oak in his *Electorate* which he can ſell to the Commiſſioners of his Dock Yards in Lots, as he did his Foreſt of *Whittlebury*? Will not the Exports and Imports of all our American Colonies in general (including the great Northern Continent) be miſſed at the Cuſtom-Houſe? Will the crafty *Miniſter*, when this Kingdom is upon the point of depopulation, ſtill continue to deceive us by *fallacious Entries*? Will theſe be any Evidence for our ſubſiſting Wealth? Are our late unwarrantable Acquiſitions, or even our eſtabliſhed Settlements, in the *Eaſt Indies* permanent Funds of Treaſure to this Country? Or, if they were, (though the Man muſt be Moon-ſtruck who affirms it) can the Gold of *Ophir* be tranſported hither without Ships? Can a venal Parliament any longer be *corrupted*; a wicked and traiterous Gang of *Counſellors* and *Miniſters* protected; deſpotic Government ſupported; a prodigal

digal *Sovereign*, and his rapacious *Friends*, kept in neceſſary *Contact*. without *Gold?* Regardleſs as your Lordſhip muſt be of your Country (*People*, my Lord, were made for *Kings*) I grieve to think how much your miniſterial *Faction*, your ſupple Parliament, your god-like *Thane*, and your wife and *pious Sovereign*, muſt be diſtreſſed by the certain Effects of your *juſt* and *neceſſary* *RESTRAINING BILL*.

CASCA.

P. S. *Quere*. Whether the AMERICANS will not make *Repriſals* on our EAST INDIA *Ships?*

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